

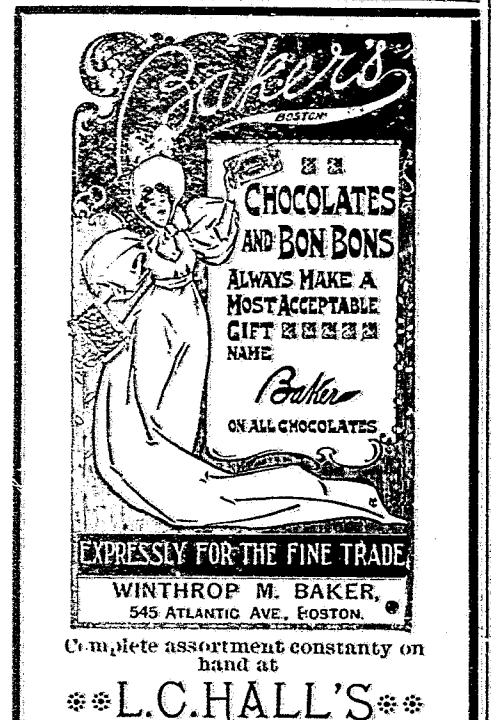
Reduction Sale of Summer Goods.....

\$2.00 Shirt Waists, only	\$1.00
1.50 Shirt Waists, only	.75
1.00 Shirt Waists, only	.50
.60 Shirt Waists, only	.35
.50 Shirt Waists, only	.25
1.39 White Pique Skirts, only	.70
1.25 Wrappers,	.89
1.00 Wrappers,	.69
Remnant Prints, only	.60
Remnant Bleached Cotton, only	.04
12 1/2c Dimities, only	.10
10c Dimities, only	.07 1/2
Special in Table Damask,	.25
Special in Table Damask,	.50

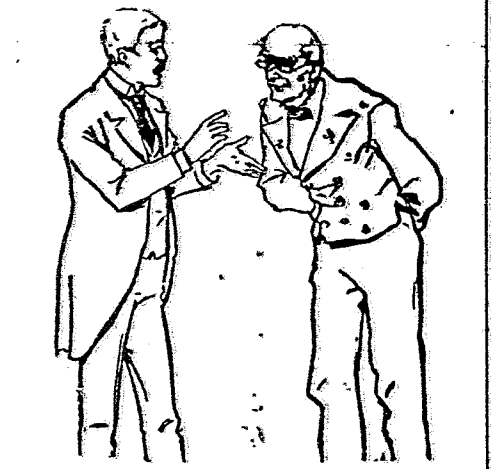
BARGAINS

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Come and look over our
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**ROLLS OF NEW
WALL PAPER
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High and low quality, in handsome designs and at the lowest of prices. We also have a full spring stock of Carpets, Mattings, and Curtains. Come and look if you don't wish to buy now—you may sometime.

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what you can find
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good to eat.

If you don't see what you want,
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ing that you are
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Will bring in re-
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Try one. Rates—
One week 25 cents
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The Bethel News.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1899.

Vol. V. No. 12.

Town Topics.

**WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING.
ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED
UP ABOUT TOWN.**

E. S. Kilborn was at West Paris, last Wednesday.

Robert C. Bisbee will enter Bowdoin College this fall.

W. W. Hastings was in Canton, a few days last week.

Dennis A. Meagher of Portland, was in town Monday.

Freeland Howe of Norway was in the village Monday.

Mrs. Wm. R. Chapman was in Lewiston, Wednesday.

Mrs. F. H. Young and sons were at Peaks Island last week.

Mrs. Frank Norris of Auburn visited at E. H. Young's last week.

Miss Vivian A. Dingley is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. C. Bowler.

D. G. Lovejoy has moved into F. H. Young's rent on Church street.

Miss Isabel Shirley returned from Portland, Saturday forenoon.

Mr. D. A. Glines, assisted by his son, is shingling his barn and shed.

Mrs. G. P. Bean and Miss Annie Cross are spending a few weeks at Peaks Island.

Mr. Guy Small of Kingfield, formerly principal of the grammar school, is visiting friends in town.

Col. Edwards returned from Peaks Island, Sunday, where he has been attending the Fifth Maine reunion.

A. E. Herrick, E. S. Kilborn, R. C. Park, and G. R. Wiley attended the funeral of Judge Stearns last Saturday.

"He that is warm thinks all so," but many people are always cold because of poor blood. They need Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Leonard A. Grover and wife of Stonington, Conn., and Henry Grover and wife of Boston, were in our village Wednesday and Thursday.

Wesley K. Woodbury and family of Pottsville, Penn., and Rev. Webster Woodbury and wife of Milford, Mass., are visiting relatives in the village.

Mrs. D. R. Hastings, Miss Flossie Hastings, and Mr. Marshall Hastings of Auburn, and Miss Hope Coffin are staying for a short time, at Idylwyde Cottage.

A. M. Bean of Washington, D. C., made us a very pleasant call, Monday. Mr. Bean has been at East Bethel during the past month, and returned to Washington yesterday.

Wm. D. Chase, Esq., has returned to Fryburg with his daughter, Miss Susie, from Brooklyn, and we hope to see them in Bethel soon, where they will receive a warm welcome.

Mr. Archer Grover, who is engaged as assistant in the electrical engineering department at the University of Maine, has gone to Orono, where he will be engaged on special work until the college opens in September.

The opera, "Frogs of Windham," from its inception has been a wonderful success, having already been given 150 times. As the papers say, "It has taken the State by storm." The music is bright and sparkling and is full of catchy airs with a dash of sentiment here and there.

About a year ago one of our subscribers inserted an "ad" in our Want Column; as a result, he obtained a wife and a good home, and now his pension has been increased to \$17 per month. Just how much of this good fortune can be attributed to the News, it is hard to determine, but we claim to have set the current of good luck flowing his way.

No opera ever written presents a greater variety than the "Frogs of Windham." It embodies many features, from any one of which, whole plays are made. The military, the rustic, colonial life, the Indians, the aristocracy, the spectacular, the terpsichorean, and the negro minstrel, all are utilized. Everything is new and original.

This odd, quaint, curious, and refreshing opera will be given at Odeon Hall, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Aug. 22-24.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props, Toledo, O. We have the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & THURMAN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNON & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c, per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In Memoriam.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, August ninth, friends and relatives gathered at the home of St. John Hastings to perform the last sad duties for Cora W. Hastings, the loved daughter. The pastor, Rev. E. Vittum of Grinnell, Iowa, in whose home she had lived the past year, told us of her work, so arduous yet so loyally performed; of her sufferings so bravely borne; of the ready hand and willing heart; of the cheerful smile you would always find. We who had known her longer, could trace her gentle influence through the school-days at Gould's Academy, and later in her college course. Then as teacher in her native town, and again in her work at Chicago University. She was an ardent lover of the beautiful, and we could not but think how the exquisite flowers sent in loving remembrance, would have delighted her eyes, and the comforting words of the sweet singer gladdened her heart. A large circle of loving friends grieve at her departure, but she is safe.

"In the beautiful Home above,
Beautiful that we love;
Beautiful gates of pearl white,
Beautiful temple, God, his light.
Beautiful trees forever there,
Beautiful fruits they always bear;
Beautiful rivers gliding by,
Beautiful fountain, never dry!
Beautiful light with the sun,
Beautiful day, revolving on,
Beautiful worlds on worlds untold,
Beautiful streets of shining gold."

State of Maine Educational Department.

Augusta, Aug. 12, 1899.—Examinations of teachers for State Certificates will be held Friday, Aug. 25, beginning at 8 o'clock a. m., at the following places as at present determined: Ashland, Houlton, Presque Isle, Otisfield, Freeport, Gorham, Farmington, Brookline, Ellsworth, Deer Isle, Augusta, Waterville, Rockland, Rumford Falls, So. Paris, Bangor, Old Town, Lincoln, Foxcroft, Pittsfield, N. Anson, Belfast, Machias, Princeton, Saco and other places to be determined and announced later.

Persons intending to enter any one of the State Normal schools, who are not graduates of colleges, or seminaries and high schools having courses of study extending over four years, or who do not hold State Certificates, and who must pass examination in order to enter said schools, can take their examinations at these places.

All candidates for State Certificates or for admission to Normal schools, should send in their names and P. O. addresses before August 20 in order that they may receive timely special notice of all places at which examinations are to be held, and of the regulations governing examinations.

W. W. STETSON,
State Sup't. Public School.

State of Maine Educational Department.

Augusta, Aug. 1, 1899.—The Trustees of State Normal Schools have adopted the following regulations for admission of students to said schools:

1. All college graduates are to be admitted without examination.

2. Graduates of high schools, academies, seminaries, and other secondary schools, having courses of study covering four years and fitting for college, will be admitted without examination on presentation of diplomas.

3. All persons holding State Certificates of any grade, will be admitted on presentation of said certificates.

4. All other persons must pass a satisfactory examination in common school studies, physiology and hygiene, and algebra including simple equations. All such persons will have an opportunity to take the examinations at the dates and places announced for State examinations.

Candidates for examination are requested to send their names to the State Superintendent before Aug. 20, 1899, in order that they may be notified of the places of examination.

W. W. STETSON,
Sec'y Normal School Trustees.

Minutes of Our Era.
It seems absurd to discuss a cycle of years in months, but some confusions has computed that the Christian Era has not yet reached the one billionth minute. He states that this will be reached at 10.40 a. m. on April 30, 1902. This is an indication of how vague to the human mind are the great numbers with which we compute astronomical distances and geographical ages. Years give us a much better idea of the length of time, and centuries an infinitely better conception of the time which has intervened since the birth of the Savior.

Whatever Is—Is Best.

I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong, somewhere
There lies the root of Right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime punished,
The hour be long delayed.
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer—
But whatever is—is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earthward,
Whatever is—is best.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Henson Party

A Temperance Story.

BY FRANCES P. CHAPLIN.

"Oh, my pot o' honey, and my hands!" cried Dillie, her blue sun-bonnet falling over the plump shoulders and golden curls. "Whatever shall I do, Mamie dear?"

"And Grandma Henson's party-cap!" shrieked Bess in despairing tones, holding above her head a green silk bag, such as fifty years ago were used for the safe conveyance of stylish head-gear by elderly ladies of the period.

"And my bag of apples," said Rolfe; "rolly-poly, how they go!" The pony, an uneasy creature at best, as headstrong as he was homely, jostled the children all in to a heap. It was a marvel that nobody fell out. Another swift wheel about, "this shaggy mane all breezed up," as Peg shouted out, and the party came to a stand-still where two roads met.

"Oh for a guide-board!" sighed Dick, with tragic air.

"Hold on, dearies," were the reassuring words from lips that never failed to inspire confidence.

"Quiet, my darlings, here's a spring! Scrag shall have a drink; that's what he wants. He sniffs the fragrant bordering of 'sweet weeds' already. Lead him carefully, my boy; meanwhile, we'll think; perhaps somebody may come along."

As if in answer to their need, from what seemed forest depths, a cheery voice called out,—

"Where now, Mrs. Badger, with such a crowd of little folks? All the small hands full; jars, baskets, bags, and no end of fun and frolic in their eyes. To the Lodge up hill? Oh, I might have guessed as much. I'll be on hand myself, my dears, and as young as anybody," as several released fingers waved aloft their sudden appreciation of this timely greeting.

"But pray, Mrs. Badger, do your best to have everybody keep away from the old people," added the doctor; "they should rest and sleep, if they can. A couple that'll never see their nineties again, are not met with every day. A golden wedding is nothing to our High Hill party to-day; our town'll never see the like again."

"To be sure, doctor, we'll all do our best; but what a heating day! And Scrag is not in an amiable mood; luckily, children don't mind heat or jolts, and it's a mercy, for they'll have to walk up the hill. Young muscles have need of many pulls and some tiredness to get tough and strong; and the country is a rare delight just now. But which road did you say, doctor?"

"Right up the hill to a red school house, then through a green lane on your left till you see 'Bubbling Spring.' Sit there awhile, and look about over the Champagne Range. The clouds and 'lights' up there are wonderful; better than any bought pictures, and great lessons, too, for such as try to copy. Then strike into the forest-road on your right, and a five minutes' drive will bring you right into the shadows and coolness of a grove of oaks and chestnuts; and there you'll find the queerest and quaintest of houses, with roof like a poke-bonnet. That's the 'Lodge'; but good-day, I must be off." And the doctor's nag, yielding unwilling assent, took a forewell snip of tempting leaves, and trotted up the East road.

The doctor's sister, busy since early morning, looked down the valley as the village bell pealed out the hour of noon, her face aglow with satisfaction. Matrons and maidens, young men and children, had been busy for hours beautifying every nook and corner, setting up benches, sweeping forest paths, arranging tables for the feast, and a platform for speakers and musicians. And now silence reigned; all had strayed off to the woods,

lunch-baskets in hand, for an hour's rest.

Faithful vigil had the minister's wife kept; thus far there had been no intrusion of compliment or question upon the aged couple. Days before, the plan for the festival had been laid before them, of a speech from the minister, and music by the choir, and cheerful greetings from a host of friends.

"That takes in about all," Mrs. Dominie had said; "and there'll be no occasion for either of you to stir a finger in the matter. Everybody would feel unhappy to have either of you worried or anxious."

"No, that's not about all, mother," Grandma Henson said, in his quiet, forceful way, when they were alone. "I'm glad we've had this early hint of their friendly plans. Here's to be the chance we've wanted this many a day. We know how much it has been in our hearts, and the burden of our prayers, to say a word to all the town. We've talked it over often enough, still the opening did not come. I want this town to set out now on a temperance basis that nothing in after years can upset! and now—"

rising and looking down over the valley, spreading his hands as if in benediction over the place, "yes, now He's heard us." And again he poured out his soul in earnest pleading for strength, for wisdom, and that the hearts of men and women might be turned with power towards this great work.

"It's our last opportunity, most likely, mother, and the best, the very best, that could come to us. A little temperance speech from me will come in well with the good-bys, and you shall have your share of pleasure with the knots of ribbon that shall go with the promises of hearty trial in this work of love and reformation. But we'll keep our own counsel, mother. Yes, that'll be best; it won't touch anybody else's plans, and we'll bring our message out when the music and speeches are over."

That very afternoon, Hiram Vail, the grandson at the Lodge, went over to Blossville. The satchel in his hand suggested nothing special to outsiders; but what busy work it brought to him and the two aunts who entered with zest into the delightful mystery! What clipping and sewing, fashioning with careful touch the fluffy soft blue bows!

"It's a wonderful chance, children, just wonderful; and all of the Lord's love and goodness," said the dear old lady to her helpers. "How much father and I have talked it over, nobody knows. We have just longed for such a chance, and now, without a word of ours, except our prayers, the Lord has given it to us. There's a thank-thought in my heart every minute," and she bustled about with pins and ribbons, humming softly the sweet, old-fashioned hymns of her youth. Near by, Grandma Henson was intently busy looking up texts and verses, which Hiram would copy, and with fingers tremulous with happy excitement, add the united names, and date of day and year so doubly "crowned with merites."

On foot and in carriages, people thronged the mountain road. The "ban" at both mills were released in time to enjoy the festivities. Schools were closed at noon, and oh, the troops of children clambering with joyful song through "brake and tangled wildwood!" By two o'clock, it seemed as if all Reville rested beneath the shade of Grandma Henson's glorious trees. "A beating hot day," as more than one sturdy toddler remarked to his neighbor, but no weariness seemed to come of it.

While "Home, Sweet Home," floated tenderly over hill and valley, Grandma Henson, stalwart and ruddy still, with the good wife upon his arm, stepped out upon the piazza. Very sweet looked the dear old lady in soft gray cashmere, a dainty cap of delicate lace and pale lavender ribbons crowning the well-poised head, while a fleecy wrap lay about her shoulders. The charming hostess, just past her ninetieth year, was a little woman, unpretentious and quiet, but as she surveyed the sea of faces, bowing her welcomes to them all, the fire and energy of her youth seemed to glow again; there were tears in the soft hazel eyes, and tender thoughts in that loving, motherly heart for all who had come to do them honor.

Three old ladies, comrades in years and experience, sat beside her. Master Patch, veteran school-teacher and choir-leader, who for more than half a century "had swayed the rod, and waved on high the magic tuning-pipe," tall, wiry, and benignant, his keenness of vision unabated, and Major Nicholas Relville, original proprietor of the grand, outlying sweep of hills, were at Grandma Henson's left,

both crowned with years and honors, and at this moment almost hilariously joyful.

Greetings, congratulations, music by the band, the "Welcome to you all," given with a will by fresh young voices, the feast, the speeches by clergymen and friends, passing in rapid succession, all too soon brought the hour of separation. There was a momentary lull, when suddenly up rose the good man of the house, and taking the hand of the wife, stepped forward, intense feeling apparent in every gesture.

"Dear friends and loving children," he said, "let us thank you for your coming, for your good-wishes and your gifts. As this is a day through the love and kindness of friends and neighbors made peculiarly our own, our speaking-day, our pleading-day, bear with us for a little, while we tell you of a matter lying very near our hearts."

"It is our wish to offer to all of you an opportunity of enrolling your names as temperance workers. Here is a book for such a record of love and labor, for it means continuous, patient, untiring work for freedom. The good wife will present the seal and pledge of such grand promise, and the joy it will be to her, no words of mine can tell. This opportunity we have long prayed for. Our hearts have been sad that we could not go to you,—to your homes, your workshops, your mills,—and no plan of ours could so effectually as this have brought us together. Thank God, you have, in His good pleasure, been sent to us! His love and watch-care determine our going out, our coming in, our word by the wayside, our sowing by all waters. Will you, dear friends and children, accept our message in His name? Will you try from this day forth to battle for the right, the right of being henceforth free men and free women, the right of clear brains and level heads, the right to cheerful, honest homes for the mothers of our town, the right of happy homes for your little ones, and that religion, pure and undefiled, and well-directed intelligence shall rule in our community? Whose name shall head this list?"

Fancy, if you can, the upheaval of feeling, tears of joy and surprise, the sympathetic hand grasp, and no less the cheers, that rang, echoing down the valley, as a little urchin, barefoot and with tangled hair, fairly ran, that his name might be the first! Some mother's hearts throbbed; they knew full well the story of the lad. Forsaken of father and mother, and of all the town the most alone; though not, thank God, unfriended, and never would be while they lived! Shout upon shout rent the air, as Grandma Henson pinned on the first blue bow, and drawing the earnest little face toward her, gave him a mother's kiss and blessing.

After that the blue-bow company were greatly in the majority, and as the sun went down, the last of all "that blessed crowd" saw Grandma Henson holding the hand of the pioneer worker, and heard her say,—

"Abide with us, my son, and we will do thee good!"

And with that, the boy and his new guardians passed in, the door was closed, and Abram Troll entered upon a new experience of love and trust.

The date of our simple story runs back more than fifty years, and the place is now known as a great educational centre. The sweet, forceful words of the aged temperance-pledger fell into many honest hearts, and on, and on, the work has gone. It was, as Master Patch remarked in his last days, "a work of grace and business well tied together."

In the great hall of the Henson Public School building meet circles for reading and discussing. Concerts and lectures also attract appreciative crowds; and temperance-workers gather here discussing best methods, ready to offer aid and work to all needing sympathy and assistance. To children's children has been bequeathed the work of constant vigilance in the temperance cause, and drama-selling is no longer known in the place; such as resort to saloons must seek their low-lived pleasures elsewhere. Peace, quietness, good fellowship and earnest work abound. "Grandma Henson's Hill party" has become a sort of watchword, bearing a touch of reverence, feeling, and inspiring all to untiring endeavor.

Of all the temperance-workers belonging to the Relville band, none touch other hearts so effectively as a singularly quiet, earnest, and unassuming man, carrying in his face the thought of his soul; and how many, for a sudden turning from their cups, are indebted to this man of earnest prayer for help in their weakness, for sustaining fellowship, and earnest work abound. "Grandma Henson's Hill party" has become a sort of watchword, bearing a touch of reverence, feeling, and inspiring all to untiring endeavor.

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Of all the temperance-workers belonging to the Relville band, none touch other hearts so effectively as a

SCROFULA

thin blood, weak lungs and pale skin. You have them in hot weather as well as in cold. SCOTT'S EMULSION cures them in summer as in winter. It is creamy looking and pleasant tasting.

See and hear all druggists.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

TRAINS FROM ISLAND POND TO PORTLAND RUN AS FOLLOWS:

	A. M.	P. M.
Island Pond,	6.05	6.15
Gorham,	6.31	6.41
West Bethel,	6.57	7.07

BETHEL, 6.27 9.04 3.33

Locke's Mills, 9.13 3.40

Bryant Pond, 9.21 3.50

South Paris, 9.30 4.00

Portland, 9.40 4.10

TRAINS FROM PORTLAND TO ISLAND POND RUN AS FOLLOWS:

	P. M.	A. M.
Portland,	8.30	1.30
South Paris,	10.18	3.38
Bryant Pond,	10.48	4.08
Locke's Mills,	10.58	4.18

BETHEL, 11.05 4.38 10.39

West Bethel, 11.12 4.46 10.47

Gorham, 11.25 4.59 10.58

Island Pond, 11.40 5.14 11.13

Sunday paper train leaves Portland going west at 8.30 a. m., South Paris 10.19, Bryant Pond 10.51, Locke's Mills 10.59, Bethel 11.10, West Bethel 11.20, Gorham 11.24, Portland 12.00, arriving in Portland 12.15.

The train which leaves Island Pond at 2.05 a. m. and the one which leaves Portland at 8.30 a. m., run every day; all others every day except Sunday.

EXCURSION.

Sunday excursion train leaves Portland at 8.30, arrives at Bethel at 11.30. Returning, leaves Bethel at 5.07 p. m.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MISS E. E. BURNHAM,

Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry, BETHEL, ME.

HERRICK & PARK,

Attorneys at Law, BETHEL, ME.

A. W. GROVER,

Pension Attorney, 28 Main St., BETHEL, MAINE.

Office days the last three of each week.

DR. J. G. Gehring,

Physician and Surgeon, BETHEL, ME.

Office at residence on Broad St.

E. E. RANDALL,

Custom Boot & Shoe Maker

All kinds of repairing promptly attended to.

Main Street, BETHEL, ME.

According to our usual spring custom I will receive 2 cars (40) Horses each week, Tuesday and Friday, commencing April 4, '99. Sizes 1000 to 1800 lbs. Prices low as ever. \$75 to \$110 buys a young sound horse (extra large and fancy may cost a little more). A large stock of harness. We are pleased to show goods. Correspondence solicited.

JONAS EDWARDS,

AUBURN, MAINE.

TELEPHONE CALL, 11-13-15-17-19-21-23-25-27-29-31-33-35-37-39-41-43-45-47-49-51-53-55-57-59-61-63-65-67-69-71-73-75-77-79-81-83-85-87-89-91-93-95-97-99.

I wish to say to the people of Bethel and vicinity that I have opened a Stable at my place in Bethel, and will keep a large stock of horses, weighing from 1000 to 1600 each, constantly on hand. If you need a good horse, come to me and I will please you.

L. U. BARTLETT,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Notice of Sale.

Pursuant to a license from the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at Public Auction on the 15th day of September, A.D. 1899, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the office of Herrie & Park, in Bethel, in said County, all the right, title and interest which Howard V. Chapman, late of Bethel, deceased, had in and to what was formerly the Vincent G. Chapman homestead farm in said Bethel, and also what interest said Howard V. Chapman had in and to what is known as the "Bull lot" or back pasture, said interests being as follows, to wit: four acres in common and undivided of which was formerly the Vincent G. Chapman homestead farm and known as the time of said Howard V. Chapman's decease as his homestead farm; and thirteen-twentieths of what is known as the "Bull lot" or back pasture, excepting and subject to the right of said Howard V. Chapman, widow, of said Howard, and also subject to one mortgage to E. W. Woodworth, and another on which there is due about \$200. Dated this 1st day of August, 1899. 3010 Horatio N. Upton, Guardian.

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A Free Trip to Paris!

A Word to Our Correspondents.

On Aug. 30 we shall change the size of the News to 8 pages. We shall then have much more space to devote to our county news, and we hope that all our correspondents will make an extra effort to send in all the news from their various localities, and send it in as early as possible, nothing later than Monday night, except in special cases.

We also desire correspondents in the towns of the county not represented, and we shall be glad to hear from any who would like to correspond.

COUNTY NEWS.

NEWRY CORNER.

"Heaps of glowing scarlet berries in the kitchen all the day. Little housekeeper iningham, in the good old-fashioned way, doing up rare-tasted cherries. Raspberries of white and red. Currants, like rich clustered rubies Plucked from out their garden bed Oh, the sweet and wondrous odors Floating through the shaded rooms. Oh, the red and amber jellies! Oh, the sparkling through their crystal The Ladies' Union Circle meets at the vestry this afternoon.

Miss Nellie Howard is visiting friends among the hills of New Hampshire.

Mrs. Henry Hunt of Gray Corner spent two days with her sister, Mrs. Hervey Hastings.

Mrs. Charles Gilman has returned to Framingham, Mass. Her son and daughter will shortly follow.

On Sunday last, Rev. O. L. Stone used as the topic for his discourse, "The Atonement." Mr. Stone will spend the next two weeks at Poland camp ground.

Bea River Grange had its usual meeting. A sister took the obligation in the third and fourth degrees. An original poem was spoken by Mr. E. P. Bryant. The question, "Is work considered more degrading than in former times?" was spiritedly discussed. Select readings and music followed.

On Saturday evening, Aug. 19, at Bethel town farm, a number of friends gathered to celebrate the nineteenth birthday of Edward Carpenter. The ice cream and cake was of the best; the company seemingly the merriest; while recitations and games enhanced the enjoyment of the occasion.

GILEAD.

Mr. Eugene Greene, Christian Science healer, from Providence, R. I., is visiting at D. L. Austin's.

Prof. W. S. Wight spent last Sabbath in town, assisting as he is ever ready to do, in the service of song.

Mr. Francis R. Peabody came to town, last Saturday, for a short visit to his parents, Wm. R. Peabody and wife.

Mr. Burnham, who is preaching at Albany this summer, a classmate of Mr. Watson, our pastor, in the seminary, we believe, by way of exchange, preached two excellent sermons for us, last Sabbath. His texts, Ps. 121: 1st and 2nd verses; and Eccl. 1: 3.

OBITUARY.

In Gilead, on Sabbath evening, July 30, Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of the late Col. Parmenter Peabody, and daughter of the late Hon. Barker Burbank of Shelburne, N. H., was called from the scene of her earthly abode. She had recently passed the seventy-ninth milestone of her existence, and had spent more than sixty years of that life in this town, and in the same residence from which she was summoned to her heavenly home. In January, 1847, under the pastorate of Rev. Henry Richardson, she made a public confession of her faith in her Savior, by uniting with the Congregational church in this village. For more than half a century, she manifested the spirit of the Gospel in her daily life, and many are they who can recall numerous acts of kindness, wrought by her hands. Her naturally sympathetic disposition, no doubt, tended to lead her in this direction, but was also reinforced by her Christian principles, leading her in this respect, "So to walk even as He walked." She was also a wise and loving wife and mother, and could the voices of those who preceded her in departure, join with the utterance of those who remain in the home, they might adopt the following Scripture as expressive of their own sentiment, "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." In the trying hours of suffering, she manifested much of the grace of a patient spirit, and has left the comforting assurance to sorrowing friends, that she has entered into that "rest that remaineth to the people of God." And how fitting was the time of her departure! As the day of sacred rest was fading from her view, she passed to that world of which it is declared, "And there shall be no night there."

"O'er all these wide extended plains Shines one eternal day; There God, the Son, forever reigns, And scattereth night away."

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. G. R. Wiley Bethel, A. S. Dean W. Bethel, W. H. Crockett Locke Mills, J. W. Bonnell Gilead, A. R. Small Bryant Pond will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it.

It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant and safe.

SOUTH PARIS.

Miss Grace Murphy of this place, who has been working at Bethel during the past few weeks, returned home last week.

Mr. Harold Gammon, who has been working at Stoneham for the past two months, spent the Sabbath with his parents in town.

Mr. Carlton Gray finished work with the Paris Mfg. Co. last week. Having learned the carpenter's trade, he will continue to ply it in this vicinity.

The sled factory boys got two batches of wedding cigars last week. The bridegrooms were Mr. Fred Hall and Mr. Charles Cordwell, both of this place.

Mr. William Edwards, the overseer of the machine room of the Paris Mfg. Co., has been enjoying a vacation for the past two weeks. Supt. H. F. Morton has been filling his place during his absence.

Two of the leading merchants in this place have hired new clerks. L. B. Andrews, the clothier, has taken Geo. Bennett into his employ, while Wendell Rounds has accepted a position in Sturtevant's drug store.

The Sockalexis Concert Co. played here last week to large audiences and gave satisfaction to all who patronized them. They carry a good brass band as well as a number of good stage people. It is estimated that over 500 people attended the performance last Saturday evening. They are showing at Oxford this week.

NORWAY.

C. H. Adams was in Bridgton on business, Monday and Tuesday.

A large delegation from the Methodist parish is attending the Poland campmeeting.

Hon. A. E. Herrick, E. C. Park, Esq., E. S. Kilborn, and G. R. Wiley all of Bethel, were in town Saturday.

Frank Noyes is acting as treasurer of Norway Savings Bank until a successor to the late S. S. Stearns can be appointed.

During the absence of Rev. B. S. Hildout, the Men's Union of the Congregational church conduct the Sunday evening social service.

One of the electricians ran off the track Monday forenoon, at the sharp curve on Main and Paris Sts. The passengers were greatly surprised at the sudden shaking up, but no damage was done.

A large number of our cyclists are making anxious inquiries concerning the tack sprinkler who has been doing such disgusting work in the village. Many tires have been punctured by these tacks, causing considerable loss to bicycle owners.

The funeral services of the late Judge S. S. Stearns, at the Congregational church, Saturday afternoon, was largely attended. The Knight Templars of Lewiston, the Masonic order, the I.O.O.F., and Knights of Pythias were in a body; the Masons took charge in the church and at the cemetery. All places of business were closed during the service.

BETHEL STEAM MILL.

Mrs. John Currier is in poor health.

Mr. David York has built an addition to his barn.

Mr. Kilborn is doing the haying on the Ethridge place.

Mrs. George Kimball is visiting her son, Fred Kimball.

Miss Ida Haselton is visiting her sister, Mrs. Anderson.

Jennie Pratt has gone to Gilead, to work for Mrs. E. Peabody.

Mr. Simon Brown is quite happy over the birth of a granddaughter.

Mr. Thomas Kimball visited his niece, Mrs. George Bryant, recently.

The mill caught fire one day last week, but the men put it out before much damage was done.

Mr. John Currier returned home last week from Poland, where he has been at work on the building which the Bethel M. E. society is erecting there.

NORTH NEWRY.

A goodly number attended the ball at Eames' hall, last Friday evening.

M. S. Thurston and daughter, Josephine, went to Andover last Saturday, returning Sunday.

Mrs. Howard Coburn of Bethel, has been visiting relatives and friends in town for the past week.

Mrs. Ethridge and daughter, Lizzie, of Norway, are visiting Mrs. Ethridge's sisters in town, and Mrs. Coolidge of Upton.

Ray W. Thurston, who has been slowly recovering from a surgical operation, was out on the piazza, last Sunday, for the first time in many months.

What Not to Say.

Do not say, "I can't eat." "Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and say, 'I am hungry all the time, and food never hurts me.'"

Never say to your friends that you are as tired in the morning as at night. If they happen to be sharp they will tell you Hood's Sarsaparilla cures that tired feeling.

Do not say, "My face is full of pimples." You are quite likely to be told by some one, "There's no need of that, for Hood's Sarsaparilla cures pimples."

It is improper and unnecessary to say, "My health is poor and my blood is bad." Hood's Sarsaparilla will give you good blood, and good health will follow as a natural consequence.

On the Top of Old Gray.

Old Gray, at a distance, seems no arrier than Old Gray at the foot of Chapman's brook, where we left our horse. As we approached it by the narrow roadway along the side of the brook, the rugged summit seemed to recede.

The first mile or two past the deserted mill was comparatively easy, yet we were glad to stop at the reservoir from which Bethel receives its water, fresh from the eternal hills, and partake of its cooling, refreshing supply. Another mile of sharper grade and harder climbing brought us to the old deserted camp, which for several winters had been scenes of no little activity. Here a log camp for the men, there one for the horses, and still another for supplies, all in partial ruin, and presenting far less attraction to man than to hedgehogs and other wild animals.

At this point the path became less distinct, and we soon found ourselves wending our way through a thick growth of trees and shrubs, over logs and rocks, and through mire and bogs, to the bottom of the ledge. Then a short, sharp climb up the gray and precipitous peak brought us to the mountain-top.

Our palls and baskets were forgotten in the broad view which met our gaze, and which more than compensates for the temporary hardships of the climb.

The view is a very extended one, as Old Gray is placed in the centre of most beautiful scenery. The White Mountain range, with Mt. Washington most prominent, seems near at hand. Not only the New Hampshire points, but the broad forests and plains of Maine, from Portland and Old Ocean on the south to far eastern limits, lie spread out before the gaze, and sink into the heart of the Nature lover. Added to these wonderful attractions of the mountain, we might mention others, which would be prized by the sportsman. We caught two or three glimpses of deer in their favorite haunts, and tracks were to be seen where the earth was soft, some of the large buck, and others of the young doe. Then many forms of verdure fill the niches of the rocks, and attract many like ourselves to gather their rich harvest of luscious berries, for both blueberries and mountain cranberries attract the picker.

We must not fail to mention the exhilarating effect of the ozone. We felt that we were taking deep draughts at the very fountain of life. This may have inspired the inscription, which we left under our four names, on the topmost pinnacle, "Inventors, Discoverers, Investigators, and Tramps."

Three hours later, this none too modest inscription would not have been written. By that time we had learned a lesson of humility. Both our guide and his assistant lost their bearings, and we wandered several miles out of our way, through wearisome and seemingly endless tangles. Finally the location of Ellingwood Mountain on our right, and Old Gray on the left brought us to a standstill, and then a "right about face," another climb, and at length the camp gladdens our eyes.

If anyone doubts that we appreciated the warm supper, and the opportunity to rest limbs, stiffened by the unaccustomed tramp, let him take the same trip, and we venture to say he will be more than repaid, though he wander far from his course. The memories of future days will make such a journey a "thing of joy," with every hardship painted rose-color.

M. D. KNEELAND.

There will be services at the church every Sunday—at 2:30. M. D. Kneeland D.D., and Rev. Mr. Ramsdell of South Paris, will conduct the services next Sunday.

Our pastor, W. B. Eldridge, has given the Masonic charge over to the pastor at Newry, and will devote his time to the Bethel and Locke Mills parishes, where he hopes to do more work.

OWEN, MOORE & Co.

Portland, Maine, Aug. 16 1899.

LOTS of new Veils and stuffs to make them from. The proper sort for a last touch to a mid-summer get-up—ready to-day. Great line of plain and dotted chifons and blue tuxedos.

Lots of exclusive styles of breezy Shirts, our own design and colorings, quite unlike what you'll see elsewhere.

This store abounds in hot weather comfort makers—Hammocks from 50c to \$6. Picnic baskets, palm and Japanese Fans, Cushions, etc.

Thin underclothing, gauzy, hosiery, soft shirts, breezy neckwear, bay rum, cologne and all lotions—there's no end of things here which these warm days suggest. You'll find our

stock a satisfactory one to select from.

There's a shirt bargain here for boys of 8 to 15 years old.

Fine negligee shirts, with collar and cuffs attached or with two separate collars. Shirts with link cuffs to be worn with a white collar. Madras and percale, no end of attractive styles, all at 98c—see window.

The "Cozy Corner" isn't complete unless there's half a dozen Cushions scattered about in it.

The "den" is no den at all without the added luxury of a few big pillows.

A hundred dozen pure linen handkerchiefs, hemstitched and faggoted borders, unlaundered as they come from the embroiderer's hands,—six for 75c.

OWEN, MOORE & CO.

LOCKE MILLS.

There are many summer boarders in this vicinity.

Misses Bessie and Florence Corlies are visiting relatives here.

P. C. Lapham and wife are spending their vacation at Rand's camp.

Mrs. W. W. Coolidge is at her father's in Greenwood, caring for her mother, who is sick.

A party went from here onto Old Gray, last week, for blueberries and to enjoy the scenery.

The Ladies' Circle gave a lawn party at the home of J. D. George, to raise money for the church.

Miss Abbie Howe of Hanover, is staying with her sister, Mrs. W. B. Hand. Miss Howe is in very poor health.

Mrs. W. H. Farnham returned last week, from the West, where she went to bring back her sister, who is ill.

E. P. Farrington is helping H. F. Maxim take charge of his berry-pickers, there being as many as thirty, some days.

The band stand has been moved to the top of the hill, by the hotel, where the band intends to give concerts once or twice a week.

M. D. Kneeland, D.D., and his son, Paul, have accepted the kind invitation of Mr. Davis, the popular Lake stage driver, and are on a trip to the Lakes.

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GROVER HILL.

Delightfully cool evenings. Blackberries are quite plentiful.

A. B. Grover sold his lambs to Milton Penley, recently.

Mr. John Leighton, Shelburne, N. H., was here, Monday, buying early fruit for the Berlin market.

M. A. Jordan of Mechanic Falls, was in town Sunday. His wife and little Gladys, are enjoying a visit with Mrs. Jordan's people.

Mr. Geo. F. Russell of Haverhill, Mass., is enjoying a midsummer vacation in town. Mrs. Russell has been with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Peaslee, quite a number of weeks.

Mr. Eldon R. Whitman and family, after a pleasant visit with relatives and friends, have returned to their home in Worcester, Mass. Mr. Whitman purchased his brother Albert's sorrel horse and shipped him to Worcester, last week.

Monday afternoon and evening, Aug. 14, occurred the celebration of the 75th birthday of Mrs. John B. Peaslee. Dainty refreshments were served both afternoon and evening, consisting of cake, coffee, confectionery, and peanuts. Games were enjoyed by both old and young. Mrs. Peaslee was the recipient of useful and ornamental gifts, a list of which follows:

Money, Mr. L. Ordway. Lace underwear, Mrs. Alma E. Ordway. Dollies, Mrs. Ada E. Russell. Towels, Mrs. Abiah Bennett. China plate, Mrs. E. C. Barnard. Glass water set, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Grover. Towels, Mrs. Freeman Bennett and Marion. China pitcher, Constance H. Grover. Dollies, Mrs. Fred L. Ordway. China cup and saucer, Mrs. N. A. Stearns. Plate, cup and saucer, Mrs. Randall Cummings. Majolica pitcher, Mrs. Levi Bartlett. China bowl, Miss Lethia A. Grover. Money, A. J. Peaslee. Glass dish, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Whitman. China pitcher, Gwendolyn Stearns. Syrup pitcher, Selden L. Grover. Fancy mustard dish, Augustus Grover. Beautiful bouquets, Mrs. L. G. Grover, Mrs. Dora Stearns, and Mrs. Lizzie Cummings.



We Sell

the famous Sweepers, made in over fifty different styles, a sweeper that every housekeeper should have.

PRICES REASONABLE

Hardware.

LARGEST STORE LARGEST STOCK—that is the reason why you should trade with us, and, too, our prices are right.

HASTINGS BROS.

When

